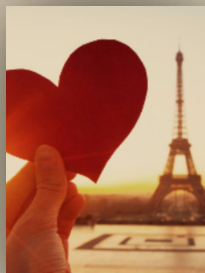




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# A Different Kind of Love Story



👁 36 ✓ 6 ★ 6

## Chapter 1 by Fanwizard

Once upon a time...

No, that's not right.

In a city in the United States, there was a seventeen year old teenager. That would be me.

I didn't think I would fall in love. I didn't believe in love.

After living through my mom and dad's divorce, then both of them falling in love and marrying my stepmom, Olivia, and stepdad, Tyler, then having a divorce with Olivia and Tyler, and having them fall in love AGAIN, with Mom's THIRD marriage steadily approaching, I didn't believe love existed. Or mattered.

If it was real, then it never lasted. What was the use with falling in love if you would only get your heart broken?

That was before I met Austin.

## Chapter 2 by PigletPinkPancake



I guess that it was his sparkling blue eyes that took me in.

Or his flowing brown hair that always looked perfect.

Or that I never thought that a guy like him could end up...  
with a girl like me.

I never understood life.

The point of it.

Everyone always said that it was love.

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But how can you have love in your life when your parents will just prevent it.  
He changed my life.  
They hated him.  
My mother and father.  
But I love him.  
And that's what matters.

### Chapter 3 by Fanwizard



Love is unpredictable. I didn't really believe it until I met Austin.

It was the day of Mom's wedding. I was in the stiff satin bridesmaid dress that Mom had chosen after much deliberation with Grandma. It wasn't as bad as her second wedding's dress, which was bright pink. This one had one shoulder, a sweetheart neckline, and matched my eyes with a deep blue tone.

Unlike the rest of the bridesmaids, I wasn't wearing two inch white high heels. Instead, I made a deal with Mom. If I was able to find formal white shoes which she approved of, I would wear those instead of high heels. With Kate's help, I dug through my closet and found white flats. I guess it was kinda cool to have your makeup and hair professionally done when you normally wore a messy ponytail with no makeup on a daily basis. After a bit of compromising with the makeup/hair people, I was able to wear much less makeup than everyone else, going for a natural look. The spotlight was on Mom, not the bridesmaids.

As I walked down the aisle with the rest of the bridesmaids, my eyes landed on a guy, one of the groomsmen. He was around my age, maybe a year older at the most. He had tousled wavy brown hair, light blue eyes, high cheekbones, and a little stubble on his strong jaw. The guy was 6'2, much taller than my 5'5, built lean yet still muscular.

His eyes locked on mine, as I finally reached the altar. His eyes stayed locked with mine even as Mom, with Granddad on her arm, walked down the aisle, looking stunning in a sleek white dress. Even as Mom and Jacob exchanged vows and rings, the guy's eyes stayed locked with mine. Finally, they tore away during the kiss, leading to the ceremony.

I took off my shoes. Even if the flats looked very comfortable, they still gave me blisters. Mom and Jacob danced the first. See more of Story Wars. I joined in. Several other guests went up to Mom, complimenting her. The ceremony was and oh, wasn't it wonderful?

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I nibbled on ice cream cups and macaroni and cheese, which was served fancily in ramekins. The wedding held no interest for me, even if it was my mom.

I looked up when I saw the same guy from the ceremony, holding a hand out to me. "May I have this dance?"

I was so startled I couldn't come up with a polite way to say no. Instead, I just took his hand, and went to the dance floor.

"I'm Austin Masen," he said as we started spinning. "My dad's best friends with Jacob."

"Lila O'Connors. I'm the bride's daughter."

"What's your full name, Lila?" I liked how my name sounded when he said it, like a sigh in the breeze.

"Lila Luna Love O'Connors."

"A lot of L's," Austin noted. "You looked lovely during the wedding."

I raised an eyebrow. I had gotten compliments from guys before but never straight forward like this. "Thanks."

Austin nodded and spun me around again. He glanced down and suddenly noticed my bare feet.

"Where did your shoes go?"

"They were giving me blisters."

Austin raised an eyebrow. "Wouldn't it hurt more if you had blisters than if you got your feet stepped on?"

"I'm putting faith in the fact that most people here have been to other weddings."

"This is actually my first wedding," Austin smiled, showing off a dimple in his right cheek. "But I'll make sure that I won't step on your toes."

"Really? This is my third."

"Quite popular, eh?"

"Not really. This is my mom's third marriage and my dad remarried after they divorced."

I tilted my head up to meet his eyes, a smoldering shade of baby blue. They were so clear, like the ocean or sky when there were no clouds in the sky.

"It's not a wedding without a chocolate blossom," Austin smiled again as he took my wrist and guided me to the food table. "Come on."

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